CRITICS AND INTELLECTUALS, By Erasmus and H. M. Jone

The Saturday Review of Literature

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"NATIVE AMERICAN"
By Ray Stannard Baker
Reviewed by Allan Nevins

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"JACOB"
By Irving Fineman
Reviewed by N. L. Rothman

The contributors to "The Intent of the Critic": top, left to right, John Crowe Ransome, Edmund Wilson; bottom, W. H. Auden, Norman Foerster... *(See page 3)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Critics and Intellectuals: The Fenced-in Variety

THE PRAISE OF FOLLY*

By Desiderius Erasmus

THOSE who write learnedly for the verdict of a few scholars, not ruling out even a Persius or a Laelius as judge, seem to me more pitiable than happy, since they continuously torture themselves: they add, they alter, they blot something out, they put it back in, they do their work over, they recast it, they show it to friends, they keep it for nine years; yet they never satisfy themselves.

At such a price they buy an empty reward, namely, praise—and that the praise of a handful. They buy it with such an expense of long hours, so much loss of that sweetest of all things, sleep, so much sweat, so many vexations. Add also the loss of health, the wreck of their good looks, weakness of eyes or even blindness, poverty, malice, denial of pleasures, premature old age, and early death—and if there are other things like these, add them. The scholar considers himself compensated for such ills when he wins the approbation of one or two other weak-eyed scholars. But my author is crazy in a far happier way, since without any prolonged thought he quickly puts in writing whatever has come into his head or chanced to his pen, even his dreams; and all this with little waste of paper, knowing that if the trifles he has written are trivial enough the greater number of readers—that is, the fools and ignoramuses—will approve. Of what consequence is it to ignore the two or three scholars, even if they chance to read the work? Or what weight will the censure of a few learned men have, as against the great multitude of those who will shout acclaim?

But the wiser writers are those who put out the work of others as their own. By a few strokes of the pen they transfer to their own account the glory which was the fruit of much toil on another's part, drawing comfort from the thought that even if it should happen that they are publicly convicted of plagiarism, meanwhile they shall have enjoyed for a period the emoluments of authorship. It is worth one's while to see how pleased authors are with themselves when they are popular, and pointed out in a crowd—"There is a celebrity!" Their work is on display in booksellers' shops, with three cryptic words in large type on the title-page, preferably foreign words, something like a magician's spell. Ye gods! What are all these things but words, after all? Few people will ever hear of them, in comparison with the total population of the world, and far fewer will admire them, since there is such divergence of tastes, even among the vulgar. And why is it that the very names of the authors are often invented, or taken from the books of the ancients? One of (*Continued on page* 18)

**This article is from a book approximately 432 years old. First published as the "Moriae Encomium," it will be re-issued shortly in a new translation by the Princeton University Press. H. H. Hudson is the translator.*

THE UNINFLUENTIALS

By Howard Mumford Jones

WRITING in this magazine a few weeks ago I remarked of American criticism that it tended to polarize about two extremes: that of the relation of literature to society, and that of the relation of literature to the mechanisms of thought. I remarked that the weakness of our criticism is in the realm of general ideas and that, however brilliant the individual American critic may be, we have not characteristically achieved criticism as philosophic truth in the sense in which one speaks of Lessing and Schiller and Coleridge as philosophic critics. Now, as if to throw my words into my teeth, the Princeton University Press has published a volume* which is wholly concerned with the philosophy of criticism and to which four representatives of important critical schools have each contributed an essay.

The lecture by Mr. Wilson restates with admirable lucidity the theory of historical criticism latent in his "To The Finland Station." Mr. Foerster's contribution is one of his best performances in style and substance; in it he advances beyond the confines of the neo-humanist doctrine, though he still makes remarks like "there is nearly everything wrong with our age," which, even if it be true, both alienates the reader and places so gigantic a task before the critic as to render criticism impotent. Mr. John Crowe Ransom, in a closely reasoned lecture which I do not everywhere pretend to understand, really does protect and defend the autonomy of literature and the independent life of criticism. And Mr. W. H. Auden argues that in a democratic or "open" society the critic has certain limitations and certain responsibilities. The four lectures (delivered at Princeton University) are preceded by an introduction by Professor Stauffer.

The differences and likenesses among these four critics the thoughtful reader may discover for himself. I do not intend to argue for any one point of view as opposed to another point of view in this symposium. It is clear that they are doing excellent work for the humanities at Princeton, an institution which has already produced two other notable collections of addresses: "The Meaning of the Humanities" and "The Intent of the Artist." In university terms, Princeton is an important locus for the theoretical discussion of the arts and of philosophy—more important possibly than the University of Chicago, where the arts and philosophy seem to be regarded not so much as an esthetic or intellectual problem as a campaign in a medieval crusade. These four writers—and it is remarkable that all four have some connection with the universities—think and write gravely about literary criticism and are

**THE INTENT OF THE CRITIC. By Edmund Wilson, Norman Foerster, John Crowe Ransom, W. H. Auden. Edited, with an introduction, by Donald A. Stauffer. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1941. 147 pp. $2.50.*

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entitled to be gravely heard. And yet I shall be impolite enough to dwell upon the tenuous connection between these philosophic addresses and the actual writing, publishing, reviewing, and selling of books in the United States.

The only living author discussed at length in these essays is, I think, Mr. T. S. Eliot. Mr. Wilson gets down as far as Van Wyck Brooks and Archibald MacLeish, but this is only in passing. Mr. Foerster mentions a few living writers, but points the way back to Milton. Mr. Ransom's illustrations are drawn from Shakespeare. Mr. Auden has a couple of casual references to I. A. Richards, Joyce Kilmer, and Thomas Wolfe. A good deal of attention is paid to Plato, and other great names like those of Dr. Johnson, Coleridge, Vico, and Taine are mentioned or drawn upon for illustrative remarks. In the academic world this is as it should be, for in the academic world the dead are our contemporaries, but how can the general reading public, how can the practising author, how can the book publisher and the reviewer be influenced through criticism which, though it deals in general ideas, is apparently timid before the richest literary production the United States has even known?

There are two remarks in the introductory matter which throw a cruel light upon what is wrong. "How seriously these essayists conceive the role of the critic," writes the editor, "may be deduced from the little they have to say about book reviewing." "On the whole," he says elsewhere, "these essays are not astonishingly topical. There is not as much evidence as one might expect, for instance, that they were written during a time of crisis and world conflict." Since, as a result of crisis and world conflict, independent literary criticism has been obliterated from almost all parts of the earth except the English-speaking portions of it and Latin America, the absence of reference to this crisis may perhaps be taken as a sublime confidence in victory, but it seems to me rather to indicate an inability to put criticism practically to work. And inasmuch as the book review is the channel through which criticism is practically operative upon the American reading public, the critics' failure to discuss the intent of the book reviewer (apparently on the ground that it has nothing to do with the intent of the critic) merely underlines the remoteness of academic discussion from the American marketplace.

The book review is not so potent a weapon of criticism as it ought to be. Compare, for example, the power of the book reviewer with the power of the dramatic critic or the musical critic. To begin with, it is significant that the word "critic" in these two instances attaches to literary men who are nevertheless reviewers—that is, men who have to make up their minds quickly as to the probable worth of a given production. In literature, however, "book critic" has an odd sound; and in fact the word "critic" tends to be reserved for the writer whom Mr. Foerster calls the general critic. And in the second place, though plays have survived the damnation of critics and though musical compositions have succeeded even when the majority judgment among critics has been adverse, the public has a relatively high degree of confidence in the critical skill of the dramatic and musical writers, tends to follow their judgments, and to make these judgments effective by patronizing or refusing to patronize musical and theatrical performances. So influential is dramatic criticism that New York producers have occasionally (though in vain) tried to keep the critic out of the theater.

Can it be said that the book reviewer exercises a similar authority? That he does not go unheard is patent. The opinions of a man like Mr. Fadiman have weight and influence, for example. But the critical opinions of book reviewers in general are of so little practical importance that publishers do not much care whether a book is praised or derided, provided only it be talked about! The conditions of the book market are not the conditions of the musical or dramatic market; and an immense pressure from advertising offices warps the whole state of literary opinion among us. Nevertheless, the cold fact remains that the book-reading public has, on the whole, little practical faith in the book review as an instrument of literary judgment. If criticism is to be brought to bear upon living literature in this country, the inference is clear that only by raising the level and the authority of book reviewing can criticism be practically effective.

The academic critics offer a simple, but unfortunately an unworkable, suggestion at this point. Let the book reviewers, they say, pay more attention to us. Let the book reviewer comprehend the principles of criticism which we enunciate and apply these principles to the reviewing of books. The book reviewer, however, is not impressed. In the first place (the flesh being weak) he wonders why academic critics who seem so concerned about the state of criticism do not try to make criticism more practically effective by doing a little more book reviewing themselves (and I do not re-

(*Continued on page* 20)

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Baker — Grayson

NATIVE AMERICAN: The Book of My Youth. By Ray Stannard Baker (David Grayson). New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. 1941. 336 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS graphic narrative opens with a picture of the arrival of little Ray Stannard Baker, wondering-eyed, at the age of five, in the frontier village of St. Croix Falls in northern Wisconsin. Grant was in the White House. This wilderness area was just being exploited by the lumber interests. So rough was the environment that when Baker's mother saw the sun rise next morning on the straggling, unpainted hamlet, populated by woodsmen, rivermen, French-Canadians, and Scandinavians, she wept. But as a sturdy urchin Baker soon learned to like the forests, the swift streams, the Indians, the lumberjacks, and the untamed life of the area.

The book ends nearly twenty years later, when Baker is settled in Chicago as a reporter on the *Record* —the paper of Eugene Field, Brand Whitlock, and George Ade. Cleveland was in the White House. The city was filled with poverty and unrest; indeed, the whole country was seething with discontent. Baker had made up his mind to write the great American novel, and he was intently studying the poverty and resentment that sent Coxey's army marching on Washington, produced the clash between Federal troops and the Chicago railroad strikers, and made Bryan the leader of millions of angry farmers. Between frontier St. Croix and boiling Chicago the youthful Baker had trodden a tortuous path. He had been student, school teacher, business man (a very poor one), library-worker, and journalist. For long he had been uncertain of his goal. But at last he had found himself. Studying social conditions with a keen eye for wrongs but with a deep conviction that reform must be gradual and organic, he had become certain of his calling. Soon he was to be writing for *McClure's*.

In these many-faceted pages, full of simply-told incident and homely dialogue, we have essentially a tale of spiritual and intellectual growth. Baker is interested chiefly in the forces in his environment that awakened his natural gifts. He was of Yankee stock, almost purely English in origin, with a background on his father's side of generations of landholders and pioneer farmers, and on his mother's side of dissenting ministers. He had the stuff for growth, but it took a good deal of stumbling to find where he could best fit himself. His mother, gentle, beautiful, and sensitive, never fitted the frontier, and taught him her taste for beauty. His father, robustly adventurous, a believer in discipline and effort, and a lover of books, was a born story-teller and teacher. He liked to pour out anecdotes, to pump sudden questions at the six boys, and to argue with a cousin for hours over Herbert Spencer. Two old aunts had a hand in moulding the lad, and one of them indented endless romantic stories for his delight. He fell in with a State Geologist—no less a person than T. C. Chamberlin, later president of the University of Wisconsin —who showed him the meaning of the rocks in the Dalles, and fired his enthusiasm for geology. For a time he thought he would become a scientist. That ambition was temporarily confirmed when, going to the Michigan Agricultural College at Lansing, he fell under the spell of Dr. William J. Beal. It was an enduring spell. Beal, a man of great gifts, had learned part of his teaching method from Agassiz; part he had invented for himself. He trained a large group of scientists who set their mark on agriculture and forestry all over the United States— Eugene Davenport, Kenyon L. Butterfield, J. W. Toumey, and many more. He made Ray Stannard Baker's brother Charles, in later life long dean of the University of the Philippines and a noted entomological collector, an ardent scientist. He almost made the author one. But the young man met Montaigne; he went on to the University of Michigan and met Fred Newton Scott and Kipling. Out of his wider reading and slow thought gradually emerged a sense of mission that led to great hardships, many hard knocks, even with Jane Addams, with numerous journalists and social workers, and with Opie Read. The new Baker, the man who was to be in the forefront of the muckraking movement had fairly well emerged when he met "the potato-car boy," whose rough lot gave his interest in American injustice a new stimulus. He was ready for his lifework. The story of how that was done, Mr. Baker reserves for another volume—which we hope may be as simple, warmly human, as philosophical and thoughtful in temper, and as winning as this tale of boyhood, youth, and young manhood.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

LITERARY LADIES

Miriam Allen DeFord, of San Francisco, is the author of this week's quiz. She says: "These literary ladies all have husbands who also possess literary connections. They write, however, under their maiden names. What are the names which appear on the title-page? Allowing 10 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, and 80 or better is excellent." Answers are on page 18.

1. Mrs. Herbert Agar.	( )	Clare Boothe.
2. Mrs. Joseph Auslander.	( )	Dorothea Brande.
3. Mrs. Henry Beston.	( )	Vera Brittain.
4. Mrs. George E. Catlin.	( )	Eleanor Carroll Chilton.
5. Mrs. Seward Collins.	( )	Elizabeth J. Coatsworth.
6. Mrs. Horace Gregory.	( )	Josephine Herbst.
7. Mrs. Harold M. Harwood.	( )	F. Tennyson Jesse.
8. Mrs. John Herrmann.	( )	Dorothy Thompson.
9. Mrs. Sinclair Lewis.	( )	Audrey Wurdemann.
10. Mrs. Henry Luce.	( )	Marya Zaturenska.
11. Mrs. Norman Matson.	( )	Leonie Adams.
12. Mrs. John Metcalfe.	( )	Pearl Buck.
13. Mrs. Harold Nicolson.	( )	Babette Deutsch.
14. Mrs. George Oliver. ("Oliver Onions")	( )	Sarah Bard Field.
15. Mrs. Allen Tate.	( )	Susan Glaspell.
16. Mrs. William Troy.	( )	Gloria Goddard.
17. Mrs. Richard J. Walsh.	( )	Caroline Gordon.
18. Mrs. Charles Erskine Scott Wood.	( )	Berta Ruck.
19. Mrs. Clement Wood.	( )	V. Sackville-West.
20. Mrs. Avrahm Yarmolinsky.	( )	Evelyn Scott.

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"From Beowulf to Wodehouse"

THE CONCISE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By George Sampson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1941. 1094 *pp., with index.* $4.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

"FROM Beowulf to T. S. Eliot and P. G. Wodehouse"—thus the blurb; and it by no means fully represents the scope and ambition of the original fourteen volumes, which Mr. Sampson has epitomized with an uncanny tact and skill. For Beowulf, T. S. Eliot, and P. G. Wodehouse, not to mention a fair number of poets, dramatists, novelists, essayists, humorists, and nonsense-writers intervening between the heroic Beowulf and the tremendous Jeeves, are primarily "makers," aim at creative art. The great Cambridge History, however, deliberately and wisely included in its survey philosophers, theologians, preachers, diarists, men of science, gossip-writers, antiquarians, etymologists, and what have you—so that the fourteen volumes were a record not only of the best that has been written by "British" authors—for Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Manx, and all Colonial authors were included—but also of many books more notable for their content, for their impact on thought and manners than for their esthetic value. This was a sound policy: no one reads, to take various examples, Juliana's "Revelation of Divine Love," Reginald Scot's "Discoverie of Witchcraft," Isaac Newton's "Principia," Charles Darwin's "Origin of Species" or even Burnet's history of "My Own Times" primarily for esthetic reasons; but it would be absurd to omit all reference to them in a history of English literature.

The decision to include such books meant that the history had to be written by various authors, and again the editors were, on the whole, very successful in assembling an able body of contributors, and the completed history compares very well with the other huge Cambridge enterprises into general history. I have read all those volumes, and I reviewed most of them on their appearance, and, speaking from recollection only, I am staggered at the neatness of Mr. Sampson's miniature. As a work of reference, as a handbook for beginners this volume, in so far as it is an epitome, cannot be too highly praised. But the book is more than an epitome, and its fresh pages, lively as they often are, provocative, sensitive, a little too severe at moments, cannot be so thoroughly commended. As an epitomizer Mr. Sampson has indeed "respected his terms of reference" though he has abandoned the rule that living authors may not be mentioned; a rule which, as he points out, involved the original history in the absurd difficulty of discussing J. M. Synge as though he were a sort of dramatic Melchizedeck without father or mother. Mr. Sampson has abandoned this old rule; in consequence he is alone responsible for a good many additions—some of great importance (for instance, the pages on Thomas Hardy, on Rudyard Kipling, on George Moore, on John Galsworthy, who died after the last volume of the original history was published)—to the record made in Volumes XIII and XIV; and he has written an estimate, nearly 50,000 words in length, of Late- and Post-Victorian literature. In this living authors are included though ordinarily "those born after 1890 are not regarded as having passed into history." This exception produces its own problems; Mr. Sampson lifts the ban for poets killed in the war of 1914-1918, for Mr. J. B. Priestley, and, very oddly, for Mr. Noel Coward whom he just had a yen to slap good and hard.

When I say that Mr. Sampson is not the man for this very ticklish editing and writing about our recent literary history on the inclusive plan I must also say that I know no living critic who could do it. I doubt if even George Saintsbury could have done it. It was a grave mistake to ask one man, especially a man of Mr. Sampson's strong prejudices, first, to select the notable authors in so many kinds of writing, and then to write himself about all of them. I cannot judge how well he has done with the scientists; but he has failed dismally with the philosophers, the theologians, the biographers, and the gossip-writers. He is so busy puncturing Lytton Strachey's reputation—the pages are a lovely example of an old-fashioned professor exposing a governess of doubtful antecedents—that he entirely ignores the fact that between 1890 and our own day were written some of the best biographies that lovers of literature can desire. Mrs. Creighton's life of her husband, Wilfred Ward's Life of Cardinal Newman, Lady Burne-Jones's Life of Edward Burne-Jones, St. John Ervine's Life of General Booth, Charnwood's Lincoln—none of these is mentioned. The strength of the original history was its constant insistence on literature as a part of English life, and the consequent history of books and authors remarkable for other than purely literary distinction. Thus was explained the inclusion of "The Paston Letters," the "Verney Diaries," the books of Ned Ward and Pierce Egan. Yet Mr. Sampson ignores Lady Oxford's autobiographical volumes, Augustus Hare's diaries, all the lively books, full of sidelights on Victorian history of G. W. E. Russell, and the equally informative books of E. F. Benson.

AGAIN Mr. Sampson follows his model in sections dealing with journalists, some of whom, H. M. Tomlinson and C. E. Montague, are also men of letters. Yet strange as it seems to any one familiar with British journalism in the last fifty years, he does not name J. L. Garvin, H. W. Massingham, E. T. Cook, or most incredible of all, H. W. Nevinson. The faults in these sections, however, are small when we compare them to the omissions in the sections dealing with philosophy, psychology, and theology. The years between 1900 and 1941 witnessed a more radical revolution in these departments of thought than any since Bishop Butler disposed of deism. Let me first say gladly that Mr. Sampson gives proper honor to that genuine pioneer Havelock Ellis; and he remembers a few other rather lonely figures such as Lowes Dickinson and MacTaggart. But the student would, from this volume, have no idea of the influence of the new philosophy or the new psychology on literature—there is no mention of W. H. Rivers, of Malinowski, or T. W. N. Sullivan, or Arthur MacDowell, or Neville Figgis. In the realm of philosophical theology, and of scholarship, the new chapter is even worse. So far as Mr. Sampson's information goes, the Catholic revival in England might have stopped with Church's "History of the Oxford Movement" sixty years ago: no word here of Charles Gore, of T. A. Lacey (incidentally a delightful essayist), of R. L. Gales, of Sabine Baring-Gould, of Percy Dearmer, of Evelyn Underhill, of Scott Holland, of J. R. Illingworth, of Lionel Thornton, of Aubrey Moore, and H. O. Wakeman. Nothing of the great Roman Catholic phil-

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osopher Baron von Hugel, or of Wilfred Ward, or Hugh Benson, or C. C. Martindale, or Vincent Macnabb. Nor can this neglect be ascribed to a distaste for Catholicism. For the great Presbyterian and other Scots are equally neglected: there is no word of Sir George Adam Smith, or Sir William Ramsay, or Dr. Caird, or Alexander Whyte. There is nothing about such later philosophers as Sorley or Taylor—whose "Faith of a Modernist" marked a high spot in the series of Gifford lectures—Oliver Quick, F. R. Barry, S. C. Carpenter, Edwyn Bevan, or Charles Turner.

The book is equally weak in its treatment of travellers, explorers, and scholars. There is a fine tribute to T. E. Lawrence, but where are Gertrude Bell, or Leonard Woolley, or E. B. Browne who rediscovered Iran, or St. John Philby, or Marmaduke Pickthall, those enthusiasts for Islam? Arthur Waley who gave to the English Chinese poetry and the great Japanese romance of Princess Murasaki? Where, of an older generation, is John Payne, that talented translator and poet? Or Walter Headlam who as an interpreter of Greek drama can be named with Gilbert Murray? Or B. B. Rogers who devoted a lifetime to the best version in any language of the Aristophanic theatre?

The very gifts which make Mr. Sampson an astringent critic unfitted him for the judicial task of collecting and estimating, in the lush jungle of contemporary literature, all those of whom history must take account. Occasionally he makes actual blunders of fact—"Magic" is not Chesterton's only play, a more memorable effort is the drama about Dr. Johnson. Herbert Paul's contribution to letters may have been "smaller" than Birrell's; but it includes an excellent, biased five-volume history of modern England, written in the true Macaulay tradition. It is perfectly true that Kenneth Grahame's two books about children are "classics" just as much as is "The Wind in the Willows": but what malicious imp induced Mr. Sampson to call that lovely fantastic story, which puts Mr. Toad on a level with Ajax, "a series of imaginative nature sketches"?

I have made a list of some fifty authors whom Mr. Sampson, had he had a controlling editor, would have been asked to include in his estimate of the poets and novelists of the last sixty years. I will mention two or three only. One of the great trends in English fiction is the romance of terror—since Beckford's "Vathek" and Poe's stories authors writing in English have excelled in it. There is still living an author who is a master in this kind—Arthur Machen. "The Great God Pan," "The Three Imposters," "The White Terror" are not alone among his masterpieces; beside these he has evoked with rare imagination the squalor and the mystery of the poorer parts of London. There is not an ill-written page in all his fifteen odd volumes: yet Mr. Sampson does not mention Machen.

Mr. Sampson is an enthusiast for Mary Webb, for which he is to be commended; but when he writes she is "the most natural woman novelist of later years" I can only assume that he is ignorant of the work of Sheila Kaye-Smith, I. A. R. Wylie, and Constance Holme—Stella Benson, a greater artist than any of them, is presumably excluded since she was born in 1892. More mysterious is the omission of Ethel Colburn Mayne, to whose exquisite short stories Katherine Mansfield admitted her indebtedness, whom Joseph Conrad once declared was the best short-story writer in English. Mr. Sampson has a preference for prolific novelists; and it is true that abundance is a sign of that vitality which is much to be desired in writers of fiction. How comes it, then, that he ignores altogether Compton Mackenzie who, whatever his faults, is a more diverse, a more entertaining novelist than either Hugh Walpole, J. D. Beresford, or Frank Swinnerton? He has nothing to say about L. H. Myers, author of "The Root and the Flower," a novelist who, almost alone of our time, has the incomparable gift of sharing in the turmoil and distress of these days and of then retiring to a tower of his own from which he can render that temporal dismay under the guise of eternity.

I must not end without saying that this chapter of Mr. Sampson's is a most readable, provocative essay; misleading as a guide he is most stimulating as a commentator. He may not have said the last word on James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, or Lytton Strachey; but what he has to say in dispraise of those recent idols is well worth hearing. The degree, however, in which he departs from the judicial character of his predecessors may be shown best by the fact that he often gives more space to authors of whom he thinks little than to authors whom he esteems. Thus Lytton Strachey, whom he despises, gets two and a half pages, while Max Beerbohm, whom he admires, has to be content with barely half a page—which is as if, in the earlier part of the book, more space had been given to William Godwin than to Charles Lamb. Mr. Sampson's essay is a study in prejudice, amusing, often shrewd, sometimes downright silly (de la Mare's "stories would have made no great impression without the impetus of his growing fame as a poet"), occasionally inaccurate; but the reader in search of criticism far removed from the self-reverence which characterizes too many contemporary critics will get much entertainment from an author who describes the twenties and thirties in England as a time when "There was a demand for understatement in the arts. Short-winded plays with short-winded dialogue inaudibly murmured by short-winded players, were fashionable amusement at the theatres. . . . The T. S. Eliot period was also the Noel Coward period." Only when he has finished chuckling will he wonder how to work in under the banner of understatement James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, J. B. Priestley, Rose Macaulay, A. P. Herbert, G. B. Stern, Naomi Mitchison, or Rebecca West: and will wonder, too, perhaps, whether "Murder in a Cathedral," "Bitter-Sweet," or "Cavalcade" were short-winded or inaudibly murmured.

—From an engraving of 1815

A room in the old Cambridge University Library

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Judge Bok's Judge "Ulen"

BACKBONE OF THE HERRING. By Curtis Bok. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1941. 302 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MAURICE HINDUS

MR. S. S. McCLURE, one-time magazine magnate, once said that the one quality in literature he always cherished, was charm. Had Mr. McClure been now an editor and had the manuscript of Curtis Bok's book come to his desk, he would have celebrated the discovery of an author after his own heart. For the one quality that permeates every page and every paragraph of this book, is charm. Reading it makes one forget a world gone mad with falsehood and hate and recreates a world we had once known and loved, the world of the common man with his silly vanities, his incongruous innocence, his response to kindness and wit, his love as well as his distrust of common sense.

The son of the late Edward Bok, the Dutch immigrant who has left an imperishable mark on the American magazine world, Curtis Bok, unlike his father, has taken to pen rather late in life. Though in his early forties, this is his first book. All his life he seems deliberately to have run away from writing or from a share in his father's literary enterprises. He has been a lawyer, an adventurer, a traveler, a politician, a social crusader, and finally, he has found the one profession he truly loves—a judgeship in the Court of Common Pleas in Philadelphia.

Though written in the third person, the book is autobiographical. Judge Ulen is none other than Curtis Bok. The judge tells us little about his private life but a great deal about his private thoughts. The key to these thoughts is revealed in Ulen's remark that the late Justice Holmes "loved life and had, I suspect, more compassion for the gods that run it than for the people that live in it."

Curtis Bok

Ulen certainly loves life, not the extravagances of material enjoyment nor the quest of social adulation, but the things that common folk do, the nature of their waywardness, and the reasons thereof. The men and women who pass before him sin and deceive one another. They seek revenge, fight for the restitution of glory or possession. Ulen listens intently. He never sermonizes. He pronounces neither anathemas on the erring nor benedictions on the righteous. Always he seeks to understand them and to treat them with dignity and wit, and that regardless of whether they are frightened immigrants or flirtatious young women, single and married, who never forget to flaunt their feminine allurement before His Honor. He hears a serious case of a violator of the traffic laws and shortly afterwards has his own car smashed on a busy crossing. He doesn't mind showing an erring mother in his private chambers how to diaper her baby, nor to give her instruction how properly to care for it. He is a father, he loves children, and why shouldn't he perform a humane chore even while wearing his robes?

Curtis Bok has written a wise and delightful book. In days of violence and blood like ours, it is a heartening book to read, for it reaffirms one's faith in the humanity of man.

The "Discoverer"

TAR HEELS: A Portrait of North Carolina. By Jonathan Daniels. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1941. 347 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES II

IT isn't necessary to be a North Carolinian or even kin to one to be stimulated and entertained by Mr. Daniels's book about his state. Art for art's sake is always cropping out in Jonathan and embarrassing as this may be to so earnest a sociologist, it makes him readable where others are not.

He takes you here from sea-lands to mountain tops, Buck Duke to Frank Graham, tobacco and cotton economies to hotcha and to the "strawberry babies" that are born at biologically exact intervals after annual convivialities of the berry-picking season. He travels from Wilmington to Greensboro, Winston-Salem, Durham, Charlotte, Asheville, and back to his alma mater at Chapel Hill, and always with a happy trick of putting a red ribbon on a statistic to make it dance, or a black dress and letting it cry. In all the ways in which North Carolina is different and the other ways in which it is typical you are carried along in the company of a wondrously catholic-spirited and companionable gentleman. It is a treat to be with him anywhere, and especially at home.

This book, one of a series on "The Sovereign States" which Dodd, Mead is publishing, deserved better proofreading. It is a mercifully fresh departure from books about localities which can interest only the people who live there, and them not much. The author makes his North Carolina as nationally attractive as Brooklyn's beloved Dodgers or California's stars.

In the chapter on Asheville, Thomas Wolfe comes home again, dead. Mr. Daniels was a pall-bearer. Thomas Wolfe had written ill of his fellow citizens there and could never again feel comfortable with them. All over the South there are gentle folks, and some not gentle, who are "mad at" Jonathan Daniels for something he wrote about them in his "A Southerner Discovers the South." He has written some sharp things about people of his own state in this book, too.

But he can come home again any time he wants to, and is doing it all the time. That is partly because he has never really gone away in spirit and is continually going and coming physically. His roots are there and they go deep and away back. He knows the state so well he can feel it as well as see it. He belongs to it so ingrainedly that he couldn't get away if he tried. From all his travels and "discoveries" he comes back to North Carolina as surely as a pigeon.

In addition is the fact that he writes with merciful freedom from those awful introspections which were making so much genius hard to enjoy until the war put an objective focus on everything. Because he is a man of letters and also a newspaperman, his story comes first with him, and he tells it with such gusto and sharpsight that the attending observations and analyses seem incidental, no matter how pungent, and make no one more than just a little mad. There is a merriment about him as he writes, a song under his breath, an inclination to play with words and happenings and generally to enjoy life as he plies with fine determination his sociology.

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In Darkest Tabloidia

MY LAST MILLION READERS. By Emile Gauvreau. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1941. 467 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by HAROLD PHELPS STOKES

ONE day, years ago, crossing Long Island Sound in the ferry from Sea Cliff to Rye, I spied a man in the car ahead of me dictating into a phonograph. I introduced myself as a cub reporter on the *Evening Post,* and Mr. Brisbane dropped the tube long enough to deliver me a memorable lecture on journalism. Its central theme was the risk an ambitious young newspaper man ran of getting to know too much about his subject.

"Whatever you do, Mr. Stokes," he warned, "never lose your superficiality."

That might well serve as the motto of the times, the manners, the methods, and the men Mr. Gauvreau describes in this book. Read it and learn:

How he discovered a "vaudeville hoofer" named Winchell who could "convey as much implication in a line as could be safely expressed in a column."

How he met competition in the tabloid world by moving girl Siamese twins into a hospital after they had announced that they intended to be cut apart to enable one of them to marry.

How William Randolph Hearst, sitting on a pile of cushions in a lounging robe and in his bare feet, studied a copy of the first issue of the *Mirror* on the floor in front of him, turning over the pages with his toes.

How Hearst and Brisbane worried over the "extreme quietness" of that paper.

How one tabloid publisher, believing that Gauvreau was hot on the trail of the kidnapped Lindbergh baby, arranged to have it presented to Mayor Walker on the steps of the City Hall with the cameras clicking—and *then* returned to its mother in New Jersey.

How a slot-machine king fixed the machines in his apartment so that his guests (including city magistrates) would always *win.*

Gauvreau grew up down by the railroad tracks in New Haven and got his first job on the *Journal-Courier,* where he tried to impress the Yale professors who haunted his sanctum in World War days by the odd expedient of growing side whiskers. Five years on Charles Hopkins Clark's ultra-conservative *Hartford Courant* served as a perfect foil for his later adventures in tabloidia. The *Courant* fought daylight saving time as it earlier fought reckless bicycle-riding, and Clark couldn't understand Gauvreau's crusade to save Mark Twain's house.

"Do you think Hartford will ever forget that he voted for Cleveland?" he asked.

A quarrel with Boss Rorbach over another of his crusades—this time against the "national diploma mill" which put workers at the mercy of untrained physicians—drove Gauvreau to New York.

There he launched the *Graphic* for Bernarr McFadden, whom he describes as the "only sincere publisher with whom I was ever associated." Certainly the picture he paints of his later employers is not flattering. One of them—Moses Annenberg of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*—ended his spectacular publishing career in jail. Another, Arthur Brisbane, of the dictating machines and dinosaurs, word wizard, headline genius, worshipper of Nero, blue eyes, and big money, is the subject of an exceptionally mordant picture.

Between the covers of this book is compressed much that is ugly and faithless in contemporary journalism. The world in which Gauvreau moved was one in which the counting room ruled and sensationalism reigned. He would have his readers believe that he was never happy in that world, however at home he was in it. He considered his paper a "crazy sheet," his labors a "waste of time." Repeatedly he sought escape from a way of life which impressed him as only "slightly above the crustacean order," and on rare occasions he even knew the joy of "covering news instead of uncovering it."

But more often he climbed scornfully out of one pigsty only to tumble gaily into another, living with the sensationalists long and intimately enough to produce, in "My Last Million Readers," what Lewis Gannett once called "a document for the pathological history of our age."

—Drawing by James Montgomery Flagg
Emile Gauvreau

The Kings of Hawaii

WITHIN THE SOUND OF THESE WAVES. By William H. Chickering. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1941. 327 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

THIS is mainly the story of the kings of Hawaii, well written except for an occasional luscious phrase, and as accurate historically as could be expected considering that much of the material is derived from the natives' word-of-mouth biographies and the diaries of mariners. Mr. Chickering begins his narrative with King Liloa in the fifteenth century who for the first time separated the religious and the secular authorities. Then there were Hakau and Umi with their great battles, Keawe who collected his rivals' bones in a calabash, Lono who could dodge sixteen spears at once, Kalaniopuu, and friend of Captain Cook, Kamehameha, the first Hawaiian statesman and Liholiho who in 1819 freed the island of religious tabus just before the arrival of the New England missionaries.

The author's appraisal of these primitive kings is an intelligent one; he extols the virtue and happiness of their people, despite continual internecine wars, and accepts their cruelty, which was mostly sacrificial, as a reasonable cultural phenomenon, but he cares little for the Polynesian gods who ruled every move of king and commoner. The marvelous Maui is not mentioned nor any of the major pantheon. He is at his best when telling of the natives' relations with the early white visitors, Captain Cook, whose death he describes most vividly, Metcalfe who wantonly massacred hundreds of Hawaiians, kindly Vancouver who introduced cattle and European plants, those curious beachcombers, John Young and Isaac Davis (this reviewer's grandsire) who became advisers to Kamehameha; and he has admirably built up from many journals the most consecutively detailed history of early commerce that we yet have had. These make excellent chapters, but the royal biographies, occupying most of the book, may seem too remote and exotic for the general reader.

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IN DEFENSE OF ANTHOLOGIES

FOR some reason, the anthology is the outcast, the *mauvais sujet* of literature. No matter how intrinsically valuable or important, its reception is almost certain to be chilled by Brahmins who regard it as a member of the lower literary castes. Chiefly responsible perhaps for this disdain is the general impression that the anthology represents a short cut to a byline on a book by someone who is too lazy to write one or who, plainly, couldn't write one even if he wanted to. Moreover, the anthology is supposed to represent brain-picking on a deplorable scale, with the editor or anthologist trying to pass off the combined wit and wisdom of some several dozen contributors as his own. As part of this general picture, it is supposed to be a slap-bang affair easily come by—something anyone could do who knew how to use a pair of scissors and place consecutive numerals atop each chapter.

But the curse is much too general. Some anthologies may justify the generalizations, but the anthology can be one of the most exacting and demanding jobs in all literature. Ask any conscientious anthologist, who is also an author in his own right, which is the easier job—an original book or a good anthology—and don't be surprised if he votes against the anthology. An anthology worth its salt can shorten the life of its editor as will no other job in publishing. Blocking out a general pattern that will have impact, meaning, and cohesion; reading and re-reading countless thousands of words; editing and annotating—all these are only phases of the job. Correspondence with authors and publishers, with an average of three or four exchanges per author or publisher; copyrights, fees, special notations—these are the headaches and hair-whiteners of anthologists, who have generally expended enough time and effort to cover two or more books of their own.

As a case in point, look at Clifton Fadiman's "Reading I've Liked."* Not content with presenting a carefully assorted and well-bundled literary harvest, Mr. Fadiman (where does he find the time and energy?) has written enough introductory and interpolative material to make a separate book. And make a separate book it can, for his own material is by no means handcuffed to the selections. His opening essay, "My Life Is an Open Book: Confessions and Digressions of an Incurable," is a semi-autobiographical excursion (Mr. Fadiman provides a solemn promise that he will never venture into autobiography again), and runs to some twenty or thirty thousand words, many of which have little or nothing to do with the anthology itself—as Mr. Fadiman himself recognizes—but which come almost as close to stealing the show as his own stint on "Information, Please." This essay provides several dozen juicy bones for Mr. Fadiman's fellow reviewers to chew on, for Mr. Fadiman has never been one for stepping lightly around a generalization, or filing the sharp edges off a flat statement.

So that his fellow reviewers cannot be blamed if, after acknowledging the discerning taste reflected in his selections, as well as the excellent quality of the anthology as a whole—certainly one of the best balanced and stimulating literary treasure chests to come along in many publishing seasons—they come back, as they should, to Mr. Fadiman himself. They may balk somewhat at his purest definition of a literary critic, especially in the light of his emphasis upon the big job before writers in the shape of things to come; they may be surprised to meet such open-and-shut preachments and maxims as, "Never to be bored is merely an active form of imbecility," or, "Ennui, felt on the proper occasions, is a sign of intelligence," or, "he [the reviewer] should have the ability to be bored, even if this ability is much feebler than his ability not to be bored." They may be surprised, not only because of the statements themselves, but because of their redundance in a single paragraph. And when they come across Mr. Fadiman's dictum against newspapers, and read of his high regard for and reliance on newspaper headlines and spot-paragraph glances as a good way of keeping abreast of the times, they are going to raise something of a collective eyebrow. For if anything is needed these days, whether in regard to books, magazines, or newspapers, it is not only the discrimination called for by Mr. Fadiman but a willingness and ability to hear a writer out. Especially with newspapers is there a need to go beyond the headlines, to read with the greatest possible care, for the substance of the news is in its net impact, and the only impact provided by the headlines and by the spot-paragraph technique, time-saving as it may be, is that of a switchboard unattended and with many of the wires buzzing at the same time.

All this, however, like a good part of Mr. Fadiman's own notes, is digressive and not too strongly related to the anthology at hand. But we started out to applaud him for exploding a fallacy about anthologies, and, even if we did pick some lint along the way for some of his own opinions, we reiterate our hunch that "Reading I've Liked" is going to be about the best dollar-for-dollar book buying you can do this Christmas. N. C.

* *READING I'VE LIKED: A Personal Selection Drawn from Two Decades of Reading and Reviewing, Presented with an Informal Prologue, by Clifton Fadiman. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1941. 906 pp. $3.*

Sewer Project: Employee

By Joseph Langland

BRONZE in the twilight now he journeys home
hanging his arms on the racks of the city truck.
Pick and shovel are cleaned of sewer loam
and laid away; the courthouse bell has struck
the only hour that matters anymore
to men who fill the emptiness of time
with thought of the slow silver of the poor . . .
bread twelve a loaf, milk a dime,
butter at thirty-six, and eggs . . . he plans
to make it come out right, counting each cent
as a child counts, surely upon his hands
finger by finger, yet glad for the tenement
where his wife keeps listening for him at the door
and children play together upon the floor.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"The Democratic Spirit"

SIR:—James Truslow Adams's review of my anthology, "The Democratic Spirit," ["The Democratic Fashion," *SRL,* Sept. 27], calls for a reply. I regret that the temper and method of his review make it impossible for me to write in the spirit of polite literary controversy.

Mr. Adams was extremely careful to avoid giving me grounds for a libel suit. Nowhere did he explicitly label me a communist or a Nazi (or a defender of perjury and murder!). But his few remarks about the book itself were surrounded by columns of irrelevant observations about a Nazi female with whom he is acquainted, about Stalin and the purges, about totalitarianism and revolution, and about the writers who lend their names to committees. Mr. Adams was thus enabled to discredit me without assuming the responsibility of a direct charge. It is an excellent example of the classic smear technique.

Only in this one respect, however, was his review carefully written. I doubt that anyone who knows the book will believe that Mr. Adams read more than a few pages of it, and there is some evidence that he deliberately suppressed or distorted what he found in the few pages he did read.

Some examples:

1. Mr. Adams stated that I gave Lincoln six pages. I gave him sixteen. This was not a typographical error in Mr. Adams's review, because he based an important argument on that statement—and the argument was obviously false. (This also disposes of the chief arguments of your two hysterical correspondents, Messrs. Dennen and Gotesky.)

2. Mr. Adams objected to my omitting Woodrow Wilson's first inaugural speech, but he did not inform his readers that the volume contains a fine selection from Wilson's "The New Freedom."

3. Mr. Adams observed that I included writers who opposed John Dewey's inquiry into the Soviet trials. The unwary reader would assume that Dewey is not represented in the volume. There is a selection from Dewey's "Democracy and Education."

4. Mr. Adams quoted a passage from my Introduction in which I said that the people have sought to rule in order to get more of "the good things of life—food, shelter, leisure, education, security, pleasure." He remarked that I said nothing about freedom of speech or press or person or religion. The fact is that in the same paragraph in which the sentence quoted above appeared, I wrote that the people 'have constantly enlarged and enforced the application of such doctrines as equality before the law, universal suffrage, free public education, limitation of economic privilege, religious and racial tolerance, and so on." The Introduction is loaded with references to freedom of religion, of person, etc.

"It's a new commemorative to commemorate the first commemorative."

5. Mr. Adams's list of the modern radical writers who are represented in the volume was fairly complete, but his list of the non-radical writers was significantly incomplete. He omitted Edgar Lee Masters, James Weldon Johnson, Countee Cullen, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Charles A. Beard, Christian Gauss, Jonathan Daniels, Thomas Wolfe, Sinclair Lewis, and Lewis Mumford. No reference occurred anywhere to such other contemporary writers as W. E. B. DuBois, John Dos Passos, James Farrell, Dorothy Parker, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, and John Steinbeck, all of whom are generously represented. Nor was any reference made to my selections from such writers of the recent past as Finley Peter Dunne, William Vaughn Moody, Hamlin Garland, Herbert Croly, Vachel Lindsay, Heywood Broun, and Lincoln Steffens.

6. Mr. Adams said that my selections from the men of whom he approves—Benét, Canby, Brooks, President Roosevelt, Sandburg, and MacLeish—"are not as representative either of the writers or of the subject, or as constructive, as they might be." I don't know what he means by "constructive," but the reader may judge for himself whether the selections are representative. From Benét: "Ode to the Austrian Socialists" and "Ode to Walt Whitman." From Canby: "The Age of Confidence." From Brooks: "America's Coming-of-Age." From the President: the "Address at Madison Square Garden, 1936." From Sandburg: "The People, Yes." From MacLeish: "Pole Star for This Year" and "Speech to a Crowd."

These examples are, I think, sufficient to show what Mr. Adams has been up to.

There remains the most important question: was Mr. Adams justified in attacking the inclusion of such indubitably radical authors as Caldwell, Gold, Maltz, Zugsmith, and Wright? The basis of his attack was the fact of their inclusion, not the nature of the material included. In other words, he hated some nine or ten names—but he had nothing to say about the actual writings that appear in my anthology. Since the volume is intended to be a collection of writings and not a passport to Mr. Adams's heaven, I feel justified in asking the reader to examine the works rather than Mr. Adams's index of sinners. Caldwell's piece is a story about a Southern tenant farmer; Gold's piece is a pathetic picture of ghetto life; Zugsmith's piece (which first appeared in *Story Magazine*) deals with the domestic effects of unemployment. Maltz's piece (which first appeared in *The New Yorker*) is a sketch of the "lower depths" of poverty; Wright's piece (from a Book-of-the-Month Club selection) is his famous study of the futility felt by Negro youth denied an opportunity to achieve a full life. There are no other contemporary writings in the volume that deal with unemployment, the ghetto, the tenant farmer, and the slum. Perhaps Mr. Adams thinks that an anthology of literature purporting to express the democratic spirit would be complete without selections ex-

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pressing some bitterness about the conditions that create sharecroppers, ghettos, and slums.

That, I believe, is the crux of the matter. Mr. Adams does indeed think that way about it. In a dozen different ways he revealed a profound antagonism toward democracy. A tory peeped out between the lines. He must have suspected it himself, else why did he suddenly pat himself on the back for having lent his name to the cause of Sacco and Vanzetti—fifteen years ago? What has Mr. Adams been doing in the fifteen years that have followed? I am not aware that he has done anything or written anything that would warrant his being regarded as a liberal or democrat of any kind whatever. On the contrary, I am aware that he has said things that might warrant his being regarded as an exponent of privilege and caste. I do not consider him a proper critic of a volume which is frankly and whole-heartedly dedicated to democracy—dedicated, that is, to a point of view which includes compassion for the Jews of New York's ghetto, the miserable poor whites of Governor Talmadge's state, and the degraded Negroes of the Chicago blackbelt—a point of view which protests against the existence of these areas of injustice in a nation as great, as free, and as rich as ours.

These writings are non-political. There is no hint of party affiliation in any of them—not even in Gold's and Wright's. I was not interested in their authors' moral or political habits when I considered including these writings. I was concerned only with their intrinsic interest. They are in my volume because of what they say about people and life. They have precisely the same validity as my selections from Melville, Parker, Garrison, Whittier, or Howells. In my business—the publishing business—it is customary to judge a manuscript by its content, not by its author's conduct. That, no doubt, is the standard of judgment which resulted in Maltz being published by *The New Yorker* and Little, Brown & Company, Caldwell by Duell, Sloan and Pearce, Zugsmith by *Story* and Random House, Wright by Harper's and the Book-of-the-Month Club, etc. But, of course, that is a standard which necessitates reading the manuscript under consideration and not merely its title-page and table of contents.

Mr. Adams was enraged by my leaning heavily upon writings which are critical, *i.e.,* which deal with social and political faults. His rage pertained only to modern writings, and this is a revealing fact. He did not dare to attack the classics. But are not the great democratic writings of Roger Williams, Sewall, Wise, Otis, Adams, Jefferson, Paine, Bryant, Channing, Thoreau, *et al,* also critical? Were they not concerned with the social and political faults of their various eras? The literature of democracy, from its beginnings to the present, has been a literature of protest against inertia, complacency, greed, and intolerance. The democratic tradition is a tradition of struggle and action. It is not a tradition of smug self-congratulation.

I would be the last person to claim that my anthology is perfect. There are several men I now regret having omitted—in particular Holmes and Brandeis. I omitted them because at the time of compiling I felt that their essential ideas were adequately expressed in my selections from earlier periods in American history. It seemed to me that the one new phase of democratic expression in this nation's letters during the past quarter-century was that which has occurred in fiction and verse rather than in essays or speeches on current issues. I may be mistaken. Certainly when there is another edition, some changes will be made. But changes will not be made to satisfy the personal animus and anti-democratic sentiment of a critic like Mr. Adams.

BERNARD SMITH.

New York, N. Y.

[*Editor's Note: Through an error in proof, for which the editors, and not Mr. Adams, are responsible, Dashiel Hammett was mistakenly listed as a contributor to Mr. Smith's book.*]

SIR:—I want to express my great appreciation of Mr. Adams's article, "The Democratic Fashion," [*SRL,* Sept. 27]. I have read many of Mr. Adams's writings, but this one impressed me as being unusually important at a time like this.

GILBERT LOVELAND.

New York, N. Y.

SIR:—Mr. James Truslow Adams had a right to find fault with Mr. Bernard Smith's anthology, "The Democratic Spirit." Mr. Adams appears to be "right of center" in his social and political views and therefore objects to having such writers as Michael Gold and Richard Wright in the company of Abraham Lincoln and Wendell Phillips. Though an accomplished historian, he apparently forgets that both Lincoln and Phillips have stated views which were as repugnant to the Adamses of their time as those of Gold and Wright are to the Adamses of our own day. The whole question rests on the definition of the term "democracy." Those who think of it in the narrow sense of political democracy will agree with Mr. Adams's objections to "The Democratic Spirit"; those who have expanded the term to embrace social and economic equality will find little fault with Mr. Smith for adding such contemporary radicals as Gold and Wright to such rebels of the past as Paine, Garrison, and Phillips.

As I said, Mr. Adams, representing the conservative view, has a perfect right to his objections. The situation is different with your correspondents, Leon Dennen and Rubin Gotesky. Only recently "fellow travelers," they have taken advantage of Mr. Adams's review to air their present anti-Stalinist opinions and to impugn a work of such obvious merit as "The Democratic Spirit" simply because it contains a few selections by writers with whom they no longer agree. One cannot help thinking that if democracy has to be defended by men such as Dennen and Gotesky, it is in a bad way indeed.

C. A. MADISON.

New York, N. Y.

SIR:—Liberal-thinking people everywhere owe Mr. Adams a vote of thanks for his hard-hitting article on Bernard Smith's "The Democratic Spirit." Doubtlessly, Mr. Smith will attempt to pose as a liberal and claim that his book represents that viewpoint, but I am sure no true liberal—or independent radical, for that matter—will be fooled by his book.

At the heart of the issue between Mr. Adams and Mr. Smith, it seems to me, is a fundamental difference of opinion concerning the word "radical." There is an important distinction between "Communist" and "honest radical" that all independent thinkers have come to recognize, especially in the last few years. Mr. Adams shows that he is aware of this distinction; Mr. Smith does not. The independent American radical is concerned with *change as it affects America and nothing else.* The American Communist is concerned with the *requirements of the foreign policy of the Soviet Union and nothing else.* The independent American radical will be openly and freely critical as his own convictions and conscience dictates. The American Communist will be openly and freely critical only as his Party dictates. The American Communist has never uttered a single word of protest or criticism against any of the domestic or foreign policies of the Soviet Union, and if this pollyanna policy is the hallmark of a genuine radical I don't know what the word means.

And when the foreign policies of the Soviet required it, as they did in fact until June 23 of this year, the American Communist attempted to obstruct the national defense and the national welfare. As Bruce Bliven put it so pointedly in *The New Republic,* the Communists proved themselves the "reserve regiments of the fascists."

Mr. Smith's "The Democratic Spirit" is typical of the elaborate fronts put up by the Communist Party by which it hopes to capture and control the honest liberal and radical movement in America. But the true character of this book is not obscured by the "respectability" of many of its names, any more than the true character of a Communist Party front organization is obscured by the presence on its letterhead of dozens of distinguished "sponsors" who have unwittingly lent their names to what is actually a committee serving the interests of the foreign policy of a government 6,000 miles away.

ROBERT ROSS.

New York, N. Y.

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Duley . . .

HIGHWAY TO VALOUR. By Margaret Duley. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1941. 324 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. L. NATHAN

WHEN we find poetry in prose we are apt to think of it as a product of sophisticated art, a fine contrivance. Yet it is well to remember that poetry arose quite naturally out of language in the past, when imagery was the first and only kind of perception. This is the kind of imagery which distinguishes the writing of Miss Duley. Read her phrases about fishing, "the barbed hook striking at the fruit of the sea," or about phases of the sea, "It was a monster, a sword, a knife, a big, blurred being with slobbering lips," and you will see how close we still are, or may be, to the ring-giver, the spear-men, and the whale's-way. Time has not dulled the force of Anglo-Saxon imagery; it lies there still in our language fount to be used. Miss Duley's novel of Newfoundland is rich in this primal, poetic perception. It is bright and fresh in color, sound, sensation, like a child's world newly experienced, free of stale impressions. As sheer writing the book is exciting.

The early part is by far the best. Composed almost entirely of observed data about the sea, the mountains, the winter, the town, the people, and again and always the sea, filtered through the avid and receptive senses of Mageila Michelet, it brings us as close as the written word can come, to an immediate knowledge of Newfoundland. There is a description of an earthquake followed by a tidal wave, and the complete destruction of a village, which is dramatically perfect. The writing moves abreast of the wave; that is the best way of describing its effectiveness. Mageila's parents and sisters are drowned, and she is taken away, sunken in apathy, to live with a grandfather. It is here that the story takes another turn, toward romance and complications, and away, unhappily, from its high poetic level.

The reason for this is that Miss Duley is not as effective with the other characters whom she now introduces, as with Mageila. Mageila carries much of the body and spirit of her creator. Her eyes and thoughts are the eyes and thoughts of Miss Duley. The others are externally known. Their words are measured and sometimes prosy, their movements sometimes wooden. Mageila is too live against them.

Nevertheless, we should like to see more of Miss Duley's work.

Margaret Duley

The Lincolns . . .

THE NEW HOPE. By Joseph C. and Freeman Lincoln. New York: Coward-McCann. 1941. 498 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

MR. LINCOLN'S product is sufficiently well-known and sufficiently standardized to need no critical comment beyond the statement that this has the easy pace of his other sea stories. He is not as deep as a well and does not pretend to be but from time to time he furnishes a reasonable amount of excitement.

A company of Cape Codders takes up the venture of launching a privateer through the British blockade of the War of 1812. There is some sabotage and the principal problem of how to get enough powder aboard to run by the British ships. These problems are solved by Jonathan Bangs, first officer of the *New Hope,* at the cost of seeming, temporarily, to be both a murderer and a traitor. His true love helps him at the expense of seeming untrue and a traitor, also to Jonathan. Together they capture a British warship and let the powder go through. The story ends with the *New Hope* starting out triumphantly for a career of refined piracy.

The love story is transparent but it is sufficient to back the adventure story, particularly as the Yankees seem to have been too practical and opportunistic about their emotional affairs to have aroused much sympathy anyway. Indeed the whole business rides on a tide of Yankee commercialism and fiduciary interest, with politics and patriotism mentioned dutifully at infrequent intervals.

The story should do very well in the older juvenile field and it should be fairly entertaining for adults.

Phillpotts . . .

GHOSTWATER. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1941. 289 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM BATES

MR. PHILLPOTTS does not change his methods of narrative with the passing of seasons and it is pleasant, now and then, to take up a novel which is frankly a "story book" with characters Victorian in their detailed amplitude and created frankly for purposes of plot. Modern psychology does not raise its devious head and mystification is the obvious aim in the selection of incidents presented. Good, clean, strictly cricket mystification that is justified entirely by the denouement.

The first chapter of "Ghostwater" sets the stage and introduces the dramatis personae. We find Nicholas and Quilter Pharamond, twin brothers of forty-two and looking exactly alike, living in an English village but in separate homes and leading very different lives. Nicholas is a grocer active in local affairs and full of practical wisdom; Quilter is an architect, philosophically inclined, and chiefly interested in keeping the country environs unspoiled. Each brother has a young protegé. George Lamb is a young man who had come to study with Quilter and has stayed on as congenial assistant. Rowena Greenwood came to Nicholas as chauffeur but has worked herself into his heart and home. The two young people fall in love and the story seems about to become theirs when Quilter is discovered murdered. The careful allotment of clues, the nicely placed suspicion carries on until Nicholas suffers his brother's fate. Twin heroes, twin murders.

The search for the murderer, or murderers, is in the older tradition of detection. And then there is the unexpected ending which must not be disclosed but which climaxes a good yarn with a good end.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 393)

A. GUITERMAN:
*AGAINST GARDENS**

They that make gardens raise bugs,
Mildew, phylloxera, slugs,
Japanese beetles and weevils.
. . . . . unlimited weeds,
Cutworms and other plant killers,
Aphids and green caterpillars.
Why waste the beautiful hours?
Go to your florist for flowers.

**New Yorker,* June 21, 1941.

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Fineman . . .

JACOB. By Irving Fineman. New York: Random House. 1941. 295 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

IT is inevitable that a discussion of Irving Fineman's new novel center upon comparison with Thomas Mann's Joseph books, specifically with the first of them. "Jacob" and "Joseph and his Brothers" are built upon exactly the same materials: the story of old Isaac and his wife Rebekah, their sons Jacob and Esau, the famous deception, Jacob's flight, his meeting with Rachel, the labors he performs for her sake, the second deception, practised by Laban upon Jacob, the birth and childhood of Joseph. Mann ends his first volume with the death of Rachel, while Fineman adds to this an eloquent coda on Jacob's ensuing life with Leah. Fineman's warm, almost remorseful treatment of Leah throughout, placed beside Mann's more disinterested portrait, may provide one clue to the difference between them. But a better and more definitive clue lies in their studies of Jacob himself.

Basically they have created him of the same substance, in close adherence to the Biblical original. Jacob was shrewd, intelligent, ambitious, a man of peaceful conquest who had to wrest victories from such more physically dominant men as Esau, his brother, and Laban, his father-in-law. He developed for this the weapons of the mind, a greater perceptive power than they could exercise and a scientific approach to the mysteries of nature which were beyond them, as well as a readier tongue. So much appears in Mann, fully developed. Fineman has conjectured further, though, that such a man must also have been sensitive and introverted in ways that we understand very well today, a brooder upon the injustices of society (so that we have Jacob debating with Laban over his exploitation of workers), an idealist philosopher, indeed a romantic in all of his personal aspirations and reactions. This is heightened by the fact that the story is fashioned as an autobiography; it is Jacob who speaks throughout, writing his memoirs for his son, Joseph. The strength of this method is the unity it imparts. Jacob's voice and spirit grow in power as the story proceeds, as he casts the light of a well-defined personality upon the facts of his history. The defect of this method is the irresistible suction with which it draws into the book the author himself. The voice of Jacob, holding forth everything in the

Kurt Schindler

Irving Fineman

first person upon life and death, marriage and women, war and peace, good and evil, the body and the soul, becomes perceptibly the voice of Fineman, and the portrait of Jacob, the man of Biblical days, becomes an astounding likeness of that rational, sensitive, and civilized citizen whom we are seeking so eagerly today, the man of good will.

Was this Jacob? Such a question has no bearing upon the value of the book, which is not history but artifice. Mann uses the facts of the Jacob story to probe deep into the psychological significance of it, to illumine the past with today's knowledge. Fineman uses the same story as a parable for today's needs, to illumine the present with historic parallel. It remains only to be added, what may perhaps be taken for granted, that the book is beautifully written. The strength and poetry of the style are characteristically Mr. Fineman's; his work is not bolstered but rather ornamented by the Biblical rhythms which arise naturally, here, out of the subject.

Hilde Abel

Abel . . .

VICTORY WAS SLAIN. By Hilde Abel. New York: Alliance Book Corporation. 1941. 320 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD R. PLANT

THIS story of the upsurging Social Democrats of Vienna against Dollfuss in 1934 could have been a stimulating chronicle of Austria's most fateful days. But it would need the hand of an experienced and superior technician to make clear the composition of the different layers of society that was the dying Austria of 1934. The structure of Austria's different practice is complicated in itself. The Social Democrats were divided not in one but in many groups. Each group believed it represented the only true brand of Marxism and each had nothing in common with the other save that all failed utterly. In order to explain the tragedy and failure of Austria one must go into the details of her politics and history. The author falls short in this novel because she chooses a hero who is himself uncertain. He is not a worker; he is an intellectual, tortured by complexes, not knowing what his duties are, and of an infectious pessimism that tinges the whole story. When he speaks of politicians one never knows whether they are real or fictitious: a risk run by every story dealing with history but not using historical figures exclusively.

The hero's uncertainties leave the reader in a state of constant bewilderment. There is, unfortunately, no other person on whom he can focus. There are inserted chapters, describing the mighty and rich, but they are irrelevant to the story and do not further it. The actual battle scenes occupy too much space, and lack the strength and concentration that the subject demands.

Unfortunately, another purpose of the novel is obscured by the general gloom that the author spreads over the story. It is Hilde Abel's theory that the workers would have won if they had not been betrayed by the ever-compromising leaders. This is expounded over and over again in many dialogues of the Viennese working men. But the story goes the other way. Everybody is so downcast, doubtful, and depressed from the outset, that the case looks hopeless even without the treachery of the leaders. Miss Abel's people are born losers. Perhaps one has to be thoroughly familiar with the Viennese character in order to understand this mood of defeatism. This novel, however, does not succeed in projecting a clear picture of the last days of Austria's tragic downfall.

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The Pinkerton Adventures

TWO ENDS TO OUR SHOESTRING. By Kathrene Pinkerton. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1941. 362 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

"WHEN we have to get out of town on a shoestring we'll each grab an end," said Robert to Kathrene Pinkerton in the first days of their marriage. They have been holding the ends ever since and skip-roping with the middle of it. They are not vagabonds in the silly and phoney sense that others claim to be; they are not rugged individualists; they are, I should say after reading all of Kathrene's books, two pleasant and normal people with the sense to have devoted thirty years to living well in a thousand homes in North America—homebodies, Kathrene calls them, for wherever they stop on their journeyings they ardently convert the cabin, car, tent, or boat into a truer home than most of our rented houses.

Kathrene, who was brought up to cherish belongings, and Robert who had always worked by the wayside, first pooled their talents in a cabin they built in northern Canada, isolated from all but the occasional Indians. There they learned to write, though for a long while their provender was supplied by the wilderness around them. They didn't "wrestle" with it; they eased life out of it through good sportsmanship and intelligence. Gradually their achievements mounted, additions to the cabin, better sales to the magazines, ultimately their daughter Bobs.

When they felt it expedient to return to civilization they still could not settle down. With the two-year-old Bobs they started meandering west in one of the early automobiles. In the Rockies, the Sierra Nevadas, northern and southern California they stopped whenever they liked the view or the people, set up home, and almost immediately their typewriters, and went to work. When a subnormal progressive school teacher called Bobs subnormal when she wouldn't do quite useless exercises, they went to the mountains for her education. They bought boats to cruise the waters of British Columbia and Alaska, stretched their shoestring and typewriter ribbons, and lived on stories they wrote of the North. Illness never halted their cheerful pursuit of living. Poverty never balked them. When Kathrene was over forty-five she proved she could enter a new field and succeed at it by doing promotion work for a department store, and when she and Robert found further collaboration on stories unwise she blithely turned to books on her own while he sailed with serials through the *Saturday Evening Post.*

A good deal of "Two Ends to Our Shoestring" has already been told in the earlier books, and the adventures in them are often more exciting because they are described in greater detail. But this is splendid reading if only for the general view of two enviable lives, of people who have lived hard and happily. Their sort of sky-writing still has plenty of space to fill.

Kathrene Pinkerton

JOSEPH WITTLIN

"Giant of Polish Letters"

His novel, SALT OF THE EARTH, won the Polish Academy Prize and made him a nominee for the Nobel Prize in Literature.

A NOVEL focused at the center of ordinary humanity at an important moment in history; the story of the transformation of an ignorant European peasant into a bewildered, patient recruit at a military training post. It is not a war novel, but a novel of mobilization, and a novel of unforgettable characters.

SATURDAY REVIEW: *"Giant of Polish letters...His style is essentially that of the great stories of the Bible."*

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN: *"Has for us an up-to-the-minute relevance... charged with an irresistible vitality."*

SALT OF THE EARTH

BY JOSEPH WITTLIN $2.50

SHERIDAN HOUSE · PUBLISHERS · NEW YORK

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—*From the jacket*

Experiment in Re-Education

PARDON MY HARVARD ACCENT. By William G. Morse. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1941. 364 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

WILLIAM G. MORSE'S background included a mustang commission in the navy during the World War and some rather diverting experiences on both sides of the Atlantic; a period in the hay, feed, and grain business in Philly, where he was rather a flop because he refused to follow the rest of the trade along the short-weight route. It is part of the phenomenon of Harvard which he sets himself to describe that it should be decided this made him the right man to run the new purchasing department established for the University in 1933, and another part of it that he should achieve complete success.

At the beginning the difficulties looked insurmountable. Nobody wanted a purchasing department, it had to use funds from many hundreds of different endowments reserved for minutely specific purposes (he cites the case of one fund which can only be spent to benefit students named Murphy), and buying was in the hands of some thousands of professors, assistants, and clerks, who were getting whatever they needed in happy irresponsibility. If a blanket order had been issued that all buying was to be done through him, Mr. Morse would have been quietly ignored. (Harvard has a prodigious capacity for quietly ignoring anything that annoys it.)

But one is not to suppose that this is a success story. Of course, it contains some gay chronicles—the difficulty of obtaining quotations on live cockroaches, the problems involved in providing food for a six week expedition into Mount Sinai (packed into loads suitable for camel transportation), the question of squeezing the skeletons of 300 extinct Indians through the Boston Customs House. This is no more than to say the man talks shop, and his shop is an interesting kind of shop because he has a good eye for the variations from normal experience; and the shop is probably the less important part of the book.

What is more important is the story of his own re-education in the significance of Harvard as a way of life and thought. Mr. Morse himself is a little naïve about this, and does not succeed in putting the idea into rounded phrases or expressing it in anything but parable, but it would not be misinterpreting him to say he is expressing his belief that the humanities are not dead while there can exist such fair islands in a world of tumult. Yet it would be misinterpreting him equally to say that he has written with the serious purpose of expressing any such idea; for in form and substance the book is an artless after-dinner conversation about his life by a college man who is seeing an old friend for the first time since graduation. Compare it with "Personal History"—it looks superficial but serene, a different standard of values; compare it with "Country Lawyer"—it is not as well-written, three times as good-humored, the chronicle of a man who is satisfied with his world and has reason to be.

Bibliography on Germany

The American Friends of German Freedom are publishing a critical monthly bibliography of articles and books. Publications from abroad are reviewed as soon as available. The Friends have just issued, for example, in August-Sept. 1941, a 32 page bibliography, "In Re: Germany."

Good Copy

SAVAGE LANDOR. By Malcolm Elwin. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1941. 498 *pp., with index.* $4.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER COWIE

NO need to pump color into a biography of Walter Savage Landor: he was bursting with it. All his life he was good copy. Nor is it necessary in his case to probe the unconscious mind in order to get at the springs of action. Landor was often crossed in life, but he was never repressed. He remained a rampant individualist. He was removed from Rugby for back-talk to a master, from Oxford for shooting at a Fellow. An eldest son, he sold his ancestral acres, and he sank vast sums disastrously in a remote Welsh estate. His hatred of Napoleon led him to volunteer in the Spanish army. He wrote hot-headed, quasi-seditious articles against the British government. Twice he had to leave England when litigation went against him, and once he was ordered to leave Florence for an affront to officialdom. At thirty-six he married a pretty girl of seventeen, whose subsequent conduct was so shameful that he fled from his own house. Popularity as a writer he never achieved, but he made a *succès d'estime* in 1824 with his "Imaginary Conversations." Always a wit and an eccentric, he became a celebrity. In the end Landor's children, whom he had loved and spoiled, turned against him, and he spent his last lonely days relearning the lesson of Lear. The man who at seventy-five said that he "strove with none" had found the world tolerably full of "scoundrels." Yet he did not really enjoy strife, and he never nursed malice. The common denominator of his quixotic actions was his hatred of injustice and stupid shows of authority.

This is the side of Landor—the picturesque side—that Malcolm Elwin emphasizes in his "Savage Landor." Landor the author of a few unforgettable lyrics, a lot of thin imitations of Pope, and a substantial body of unsurpassed English prose is also given serious consideration, but Mr. Elwin seems to find the personal narrative more congenial. Bibliography, chronology, and index are furnished. The silly title of the book seems an invitation to readers who could never be much interested in any one so special and so fine as Landor; but persons who wish to know things that Forster couldn't or wouldn't tell, will find this book an interesting way of getting up to date. Mr. Elwin has produced a biography which for general purposes is most satisfactory.

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Social Dynamics of Fascism

THE MYTH OF THE TOTAL STATE: EUROPE'S LAST BID FOR WORLD RULE. By Guenter Reimann. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1941. 284 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

THE central question of all politics, as Harold Lasswell pointed out some years ago in the subtitle of a provocative little book, is: Who Gets What, When, How? From the point of view of the distribution of what there is to be gotten, every community consists of a mass and an elite. The latter consists of those who get most of what there is to get. The contemporary epoch of world revolution is one in which old elites are decaying and new elites are rising.

Guenter Reimann, German economist-in-exile and author of "The Vampire Economy" and other books, attempts in his latest and most stimulating volume to analyze the causes and processes of decadence among the "Old Conservatives" and to trace out the genesis and sources of power of the Nazi elite. His title is somewhat ill-chosen, for his purpose here is not primarily to dissect the "mythos" of totalitarianism nor to describe relationships between Europe and the non-European world. He is chiefly concerned with the questions: Why did the old elites ("Conservative Man") become paralyzed and feckless? What is the nature of the new ruling group (the "Ersatz Aristocracy" in the Caesar-States)? Why the transition from colonial imperialism to continental imperialism? Whither Hitler?

His answers are always interesting and often challenging. Despite the warning in Max Lerner's Introductory Critique—"If you want personal experience or journalistic color or the easy answers, you will not find them here"—these pages are studded with illuminating reminiscences of talks with Dutch bankers, German industrialists, and sundry political figures. They are graciously written and highly readable, despite the alleged "denseness" of the analysis. If the answers are not always consistent or clear, and if the thesis of the book is not one which lends itself to brief restatement, the fault lies in the circumstance that this volume is not really, despite Max Lerner's characterization, "one of the shrewdest analyses of aristocracy in the contemporary literature of political science." It is rather a series of rambling essays, often as charming as they are incisive, on various phases of the transition from liberal capitalism to the new collectivism. Fact and opinion are intermingled. Conclusions are more suggestive than definitive.

Reimann doubts whether the Nazi elite, brought to power by the self-strangulation of monopolistic capitalists, is a genuine and stable ruling group. He envisages the Führer as a balancer, playing off one gang of power-holders against another. He shows quite clearly that Junkers and industrialists no longer rule the German roost, as some Marxists would still insist. His attempt to equate Hitlerian and Stalinist totalitarianism is unsuccessful, however, and his incidental treatment of Russian developments is scarcely justified by events. His assumption, moreover, that Hitlerism cannot unify the world and must destroy itself by virtue of economic imperatives and paradoxes beyond its control is not only dubious as fact but is dangerous as prophecy, for it promotes a false confidence in the future on the part of foes of the Nazis.

Yet all who seek to comprehend the trends and forces of our time will read this work with profit. It is a useful corrective to Burnham's "Managerial Revolution." It is in part a much needed effort to synthesize the thinking of those who hold that Fascism is simply "Monopoly Capitalism" and those who contend that it is a manifestation of Spengler's Caesarism in which "politics conquers economics" and comes once more into its own. Reimann raises more questions than he answers. His chapters are more provocative than satisfying. These are merits as real as they are rare. One can only hope that he will carry this analysis further, subject it to more rigorous criticism and verification, and develop it into a sharper weapon of social prognosis for the intellectual arsenal of democracy.

Some came for health; some came for husbands; but most, merely to be seen...

THE SPRINGS OF VIRGINIA

Life, Love and Death at the Waters

By PERCEVAL RENIERS

THIS delightful book turns back the pages of American life . . . an informal account of the settings in which took place some of the most highly flavored episodes in the life of Southern society. . .

Long before the automobile, the Springs of Virginia were the magnets that drew the elite of every generation, year in and year out. To White Sulphur, and Red and Blue, to Hot Springs and Warm, came the elegants of the '80s and '90s, and also the young belles, with mamas in tow, seeking husbands (and few were disappointed).

But the story goes much further back: to George Washington, one of the first of the Bath-ites, and to other colonial planters. Here are Jefferson, Lee, Clay and Tyler in their (literally) undressed moments; as well as a miscellaneous roster of gamblers and adventurers who made the baths their stalking grounds.

There are 29 illustrations, taken from contemporary sources; a number of them beautiful reproductions in full color of water-colors; and endpaper maps. 310 pages, index, bibliography. $4.00

The University of North Carolina Press
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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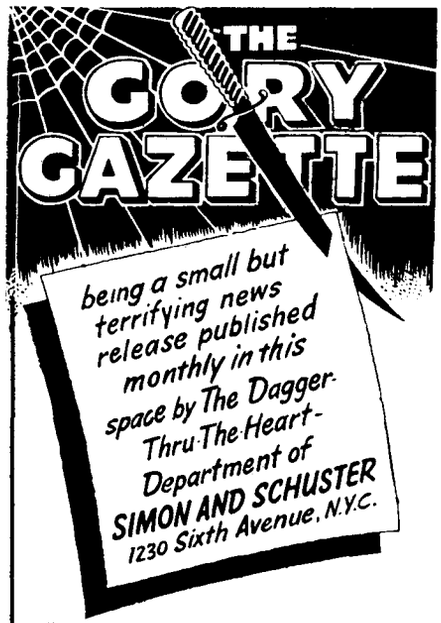
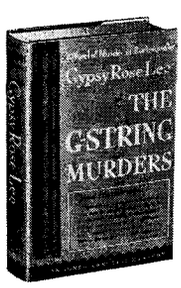

THE
GORY
GAZETTE
being a small but terrifying news release published monthly in this space by The Dagger-Thru-The-Heart-Department of
SIMON AND SCHUSTER
1230 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.C.

The Gory Gazette, for the first time in its brief but dynamic career, has been scooped. On October 6th *Life Magazine* ran a story, with pictures, about *The G-String Murders* (Price $2.00) by GYPSY ROSE LEE.

Seems that *Life* took the pictures, wrote their story, read the book, and then simply couldn't wait to use them. *The Gory Gazette*, being on the conservative side, was caught short.

In addition, another unfair advantage has been taken of us. Nothing we'd like better than to run a picture story of *The G-String Murders* and its author, GYPSY ROSE LEE. But, confidentially, our photography department is 1) too busy reading the book, and 2) rotten.



However, *The Gory Gazette* has a few scoops of its own. Here, for example, is a picture of the book itself. There have been thousands of pictures of GYPSY ROSE LEE, but this is the first uncensored photograph of her first book.

Here, too, is an excerpt from a note written by JANET FLANNER—(available in full only to people who buy a copy of *The G-String Murders*):

"Here is the living portrait of burlesque. Here is a new décolleté literary style written in her native mascara language by GYPSY ROSE LEE. As a writer she is a new original on the American scene—the first important brunette since Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

And, finally, to prove that this book is no script tease, but a mystery strictly from the top drawer, CARL VAN DOREN says: "A mystery that hits high C—"

AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY

THE G-STRING MURDERS
by Gypsy Rose Lee

IN PRAISE OF FOLLY

(*Continued from page 3*)

them likes to sign himself Telemachus, another Stelenus or Laertes, this one Polycrates, that one Thrasymachus; so that nowadays it matters not if you ascribe your book to a chameleon or a gourd, or simply to *alpha* or *beta*, as the philosophers have a way of doing.

The daintiest thing is when they compliment each other, turn about, in an exchange of letters, verses, and puffs; fools praising fools and dunces praising dunces. The first in the opinion of the second, is an Alcaeus; the second, in the opinion of the first, is a Callimachus. One puts another far above Cicero; the other then finds the one more learned than Plato. Or sometimes they will pick out a competitor and increase their reputation through rivalry with him. As a result, the doubtful public is split into opposing camps, until, when the battle is well over, each leaves the field as victor and each has a triumphal parade. Wise men deride all this as most foolish, as indeed it is. Who denies it? But meanwhile, by my boon our authors lead a sweet life, nor would they exchange their triumphs for those of the Scipios. And while the scholars indeed have a great deal of fun laughing at them, and savor to the full the madness of others, they themselves owe a good deal to me, which they cannot disavow without being the most ungrateful of men.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Eleanor Carroll Chilton.
2. Audrey Wurdemann.
3. Elizabeth J. Coatsworth.
4. Vera Brittain.
5. Dorothea Brande.
6. Marya Zaturenska.
7. F. Tennyson Jesse.
8. Josephine Herbst.
9. Dorothy Thompson.
10. Clare Boothe.
11. Susan Glaspell.
12. Evelyn Scott.
13. V. Sackville-West.
14. Berta Ruck.
15. Caroline Gordon.
16. Leonie Adams.
17. Pearl Buck.
18. Sarah Bard Field.
19. Gloria Goddard.
20. Babette Deutsch.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
NO SLEEP AT ALL *Joseph Warren* (Alliance: $2.)	Blithe young British constable falls for café danseuse, saves her from murder charge, and nabs the killer, after many adventures.	Night life in slightly shabby sections of London well described. Action is swift and leading characters attractive. Solution easily guessable.	Adequate
MURDER AT THE CASINO *Carolyn Wells* (Lippincott: $2.)	Jealous and aging husband of Westchester flibbertigibbet skewered at costume party. His kinsman is poisoned. Then Fleming Stone gets busy.	Story told with customary Wellsian fluency and naivete. Mexican scenes at outset more interesting than murders. Detecting sticks to time-hallowed formula.	Ingratiating
THE SINGING CLOCK *Virginia Purdue* (Crime Club: $2.)	Three members of run-to-seed midwestern family variously slain, hopelessly involving hapless girl who stands detectives' pestering just so long . . .	Bulk of characters ripe subjects for psychopathic wards—and act that way. Plot has neat surprise for tough-fibred addicts.	Creepy
THIS IS MURDER *Cortland Fitzsimmons* and *Gerald Adams* (Stokes: $2.)	Movie star dies of dexterously administered poison in midst of sea-going Hollywood party. Thriller writer turns sleuth.	Atmosphere and wisecracks galore in feverish yarn filled with Orientals, wild Russians, and similar west-coast exotics.	Lively
BODIES ARE WHERE YOU FIND THEM *Brett Halliday* (Holt: $2.)	Unwelcome female corpse in office-apt. propounds pretty problem for Mike Shayne, two-fisted Miami detective.	Rough-and-tumble combination of dirty politics, murder, and thuggery. Plot basically sound but plentiful action carries the day.	Good tough 'un

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Reason and International Politics

WAR, POLITICS AND EMOTION. By Geoffrey Bourne. New York: Liveright. 1941. 110 *pp.* $1.25.

Reviewed by ALFRED MCCLUNG LEE

"POLITICS," asserts Dr. Geoffrey Bourne in his "War, Politics and Emotion," "is the only profession in which, the world over, ignorance is not a handicap, and in which emotion is an asset as compared with reason." Emotion in politics, he continues, gives birth to such offspring as racialism, nationalism, greed, and envy.

Upon this respectable newspaper, editorial-page, and college theory, Dr. Bourne hangs a skeletal plan for the revamping of political functionaries so that Emotion will no longer have dominance over Reason (capitalization his) in internal and international politics. This, he admits, will take more than a little doing. But Hippocrates furnishes him with the helpful solace that the "span of man's life is short, that of science long," and Herbert Spencer contributes the snob appeal necessary for such protracted effort with the line, "Most men would rather die than think."

First we need to crush Nazism. In this struggle, "Vague humanitarianism, unreasoned pacificism, real and profound love of goodness, religious conviction, are all inadequate in the face of international gangsterism." Then, after this "immediate emergency task which should command the united forces of civilization," politics, "must become a science, and politicians must become qualified in it." This must be done because the "force of reason is the only one which has any chance of controlling emotions in a permanent manner."

Dr. Bourne's plaint is an old one, as old and older than Plato. And it has been much more ably stated. Plato wanted philosophers to become kings or kings philosophers. Certain physicians have also decided that the rule of the world must be passed to physicians. Engineers have tried to convince the rest of us that their special knowledge equips them preëminently for the control of society. Social scientists, perhaps the most vocal on this subject recently, have fretted that the kind of political ability which brings a Ph.D. to the status of professor can seldom be utilized with equal success in the broader arena of the state. The perennial formula of the ministry, that we should return to or—more likely—come to God, also bears a family likeness to the foregoing. So many of our specialists in the learned fields are annoyed that the relatively illiterate specialists in the government of wards, cities, and states should have techniques for getting and holding political power that are not accessible to them.

William Graham Sumner* once commented upon this ethnocentric and egocentric human characteristic thus:

> History is only a tiresome repetition of one story. Persons and classes have sought to win possession of the power of the State in order to live luxuriously out of the earnings of others.

Dr. Bourne possibly does not want to rule in person, but he would like to have the rule in the hands of the people who resemble his mental image of the man-as-he-should-be. He is impatient of the man-as-he-is and of that strangely similar creature, the man-as-he-is-likely-to-be.

The political stripe of this contemporary tract-writer for a renovated aristocracy comes out in this passage:

> The chief political qualifications in a democracy are, a rich wife, county or business connections, a selfish interest in trade, social ambition, an eye to a job in the government, a loud voice, a gift of scurrility, or for rousing passions, or patient service in a trade union or other political body.

The conception of political democracy as one of political representation is implied in Dr. Bourne's book, but he doesn't like it. What does appear throughout is the notion of the desirability of political control by an allegedly wise elite.

No candid student of society would deny that democracy in practice reflects the less desirable as well as the admirable traits of human beings. The world, after all, is made up of human beings. With this, sadly enough, we must be content. But Dr. Bourne thinks he feels a snake when he has actually, to paraphrase that grand old fable, grasped the trunk of an elephant. Others, as blind to overall perspectives as the other blind men in the fable, characterize the elephant in terms of what they have grasped, a leg, a tail.

Alfred McClung Lee is Executive Director of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis, and a member of the faculty of New York University's School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance. He has contributed to many periodicals and is the author of "The Daily Newspaper in America" and co-author of "The Fine Art of Propaganda."

* *1883. What Social Classes Owe to Each Other. New Haven, Yale University Press, 1925. Pp. 30-1.*

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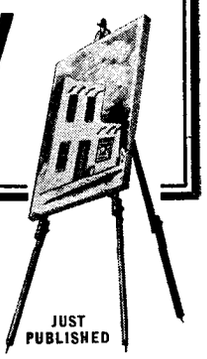

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THE UNINFLUENTIALS

(*Continued from page* 4)

fer to the learned or scholarly review); and in the second place, the application of their principles to the annual flood of print is not so simple as the academic critics seem to imagine.

The academic critics insist upon talking about poetry, and the reading public is not only not much interested in poetry but is less and less inclined to patronize the kind of poetry which seems to concern the academic critics. The academic critics talk about Milton and Shakespeare, Plato and Mr. Eliot; the book reviewer has to take the month's production of printed books in his stride, something with which "Paradise Lost" has so little practical connection as to be useless. What is worse, the principal concern of publishers, of the book reviewer, and of the public is with fiction and with non-fictional prose; and the academic critics, with rare exceptions, persistently write and talk as if the novel had never existed and as if the public had never heard of Jan Valtin, John Gunther, or Lewis Mumford.

Perhaps the book reviewer might even get around these discomforts, were there not another element in the situation, which alienates him from academic criticism. Academic criticism lacks gusto. It says with Mr. Foerster that everything is wrong with our age. It says with Mr. Ransom that "a poem as a discourse differentiates itself from prose by its particularity, yet not to the point of sacrificing its logical cogency or universality," which is probably true but which produces none of those pleasurable sensations about poetry Keats or E. A. Housman declared to be essential. It surveys with Mr. Wilson the development of ideas from Vico to Lenin, but it leaves the reader dangling in the air with the ambiguous remark: "You sometimes encounter books that seem to mark precisely the borderline between work that is definitely superior and work that is definitely bad—the novels of John Steinbeck, for example." Or with Mr. Auden it sets forth an excellent theory of criticism, but criticism without savor. And at the ending end (in Sidney's phrase) the book reviewer asks himself why he should go to school to teachers who do not seem to be enjoying the very art they exist to protect.

Academic criticism in this country, to be sure, enjoys a minor but agreeable audience in the universities and in the reviews—the *Kenyon Review* is an example—which survive among the intellectuals, but to whose opinions the publishers pay no attention. They take in each other's washing and listen to each other's disputations with admirable gravity and seem to themselves to be of the first importance in moulding literary opinion in the United States. Meanwhile, the literary public sweeps on its own great, hearty orbit, relishing now this book and now that and paying no attention at all to these excellent lectures, these lucid theories, these intellectualist magazines. Academic critics comfort themselves by remarking the vulgarity of public taste and by thinking they at least mould a minority of readers, but they have yet to demonstrate that this minority is of real importance in the literary life of the nation. For in truth academic critics, even when they are socially minded as Mr. Wilson or Mr. Auden desires them to be, are Hamiltonians. For them, your people, sir, is a great beast; and they therefore retreat upon intricate poetry, university reviews, and the impression that Mr. Eliot's essays have somehow profoundly revolutionized the literature of the age. They do not see that Mr. Eliot's essays have almost nothing to do with the literature of the age because they are confused by a false parallel between this age and previous epochs—the France of Sainte-Beuve, the Germany of Schlegel, or the neat little cultural pockets of neo-classical Europe. The conditions of the literary life in the United States in 1941 are, however, unique; and, so far as raising the level of literary taste is concerned, academic critics, no matter how skilled or lucid or cogent they may be, accomplish little, because they do not trouble themselves to ascertain whether they control appropriate channels of communication with the living life of the publishing world.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1941.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George Dilkes, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Harrison Smith, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.; Editor, Norman Cousins, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, George Dilkes, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.; Harrison Smith, 25 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.; Joseph Hilton Smyth, Old Lyme, Connecticut.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) GEORGE DILKES,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1941. Sara Gross, Notary Public, New York County Clerks No. 264. New York Register's No. 2G43. N. Y. Commission Expires March 30, 1942.

Spanish Postscript

STILL ALIVE WITH LUCAS. By Helen Riehm. New York: Robert McBride & Co. 1941. 280 *pp.* $2.50.

MISS RIEHM is telling us here some of the adventures and mishaps she and her husband met in Spain. Having fled a troubled Germany when the Nazis came to power, the two set up a cafe in a small town on the Spanish coast. Here, in a charming social milieu composed of international expatriates, they were quite happy until, of course, the Spanish sky was clouded by civil war. Lucas was jailed in the confusion of those first months, and Helen made frantic efforts to get him freed. There followed weeks of flight from town to town, ahead of Franco, and the final escape into France. The whole thing is told in a steady flow of present tense, which gives it an air of immediate breathlessness. What it lacks is any sense of historic meaning or proportion. Miss Riehm makes it quite clear that they belong to no faction, have no views, hate nobody, want only to be themselves. N. L. R.

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TRADE WINDS

IT came over the air in clear, rounded, vibrant tones. It was the voice of a poet who spoke and sang —a strong poet who must have felt a close kinship to the other poet, now dead, and who, too, was big, vigorous, intense. And as the words, tumultuous and torrential, flowed from the radio, we thought back a few short years and remembered him. He was Thomas Wolfe, brought back to life by Charles Laughton. As part of an evening's entertainment, Mr. Laughton read several paragraphs from "Of Time and the River." The passages described the railroad station, the departing locomotive, and the hurried last moment wishes and good-byes. To Laughton the lines were poetry and were spoken as such. Perhaps all the controversy that centered on Wolfe during his brief life and after his death would have been simplified by critic and reader, if all of Wolfe were read as poetry. Perhaps that's the key to Wolfe—he was a poet.

★ ★

☞We still can't pull ourselves together. After this, we're going to believe everything we read or see in books or movies that have incredible endings, for the drama of the fourth game of the World Series has probably contributed more to imaginative sports fiction than any sporting event in years. Readers will recall the situation: ninth inning, Yankees are at bat for the last time—trailing 4 to 3. The mighty Casey (this time the pitcher), goes to the box for the Dodgers and gets rid of the first two batters. Only one more out to go. Henrich comes to the plate. Two strikes. Casey cranks and hurls. A blazing curve. Henrich swings and misses—and the Dodgers win! But wait, Catcher Owen drops the ball as Henrich dashes for first—and reaches it safely.

★ ★

☞Here is a situation any scenario or short-story writer would throw in the basket. Too fantastic, too unbelievable. But it happened—and before 33,801 witnesses.

★ ★

☞But there is yet more. Up steps the great DiMaggio. He slashes a wicked single, moving the man on first to second and putting the winning run on first base. Keller ambles to the plate . . . strike one, strike two and biff! A wicked double and the Yanks lead. Of course there was more hitting after that, but it is too incredible. The Yankees win and the writers swoon. Come, Hollywood with your football pictures and the split second touchdown. All is forgiven. We love you and believe you.

★ ★

☞Cheerful news reaches us this week from Nell Avery Unger, librarian of Portland, Oregon. Some time ago we suggested that an outdoor exhibition of books dealing with democracy might arouse interest in the writings of such Americans as Jefferson, Whitman, and Sandburg. Miss Unger writes to say that Portland fell in with this suggestion and held an outdoor book exhibition on democracy during the week of September 9. The show, adds Miss Unger, was successful and brought many new readers to the library.

★ ★

☞To pass on the good word and work of Miss Unger, we quote: "The City Council passed a special ordinance giving us the privilege of using the sidewalk and iron fence on the busiest block in Portland. A professional advertising firm did the planning; Fred Gong, winner of the *American Magazine's* national poster competition, painted the banners, and countless others contributed to the cause without charge. The whole venture was called the 'Saga of America,' and booths with the following captions were set up: Industrial Defense, Military Defense, Social Defense, Backgrounds of America, and Ocean to Ocean (Regional America). . . . The interest was beyond our most ardent hope, and this in spite of inclement weather . . . Kate Smith gave the exhibit five minutes of the national hook-up, urging people to attend."

★ ★

☞Rebecca West's study of Yugoslavia, "Black Lamb and Grey Falcon," on which she has been working for five years, is much in the news these days. Miss West's book goes back twenty centuries in its historic perspective; it sets the stage for, and indeed predicts, rebellion against the German oppression. The book is due October 20th. Viking is the publisher..

★ ★

☞One of the amusing tales in "Joseph Pulitzer and His World" by James Wyman Barrett, which will be published this month, concerns the publisher's insistence that at least one member of his staff be a heavy drinker. Although Pulitzer used alcohol in great moderation, he believed that one stiff drinker on any newspaper was an asset.

★ ★

☞The prize-winning novel in the José de Alencar Competition now being held in Brazil under the auspices of the well-known publishing house of José Olympio, will be published by Macmillan. The American publishing house has arranged to bring out this Latin-American novel sight unseen. But they know the quality of material José Olympio publishes, and are confident. The name of the winner will be announced early in 1942.

★ ★

☞Peter Fleming, who has just won fresh fame because his book, "The Flying Visit," anticipated the details of the Hess incident, is better known in the Far East for another reason.

He arrived in Japan once when an anti-foreign campaign was at its height. A Japanese officer met him at the gangplank and, learning that Fleming was a journalist, demanded that he fill out a long questionnaire.

At the end was this question: "For what purpose do you visit Japan?" Fleming scratched his head. Finally he wrote: "Espionage."

★ ★

☞Incidentally, we are gently admonished by William Jay Gold, managing editor of *The Virginia Quarterly Review,* that the physical excellence of their journal is primarily due to Mr. Samuel Arundale, who has supervised its production since the first number was issued in April, 1925.

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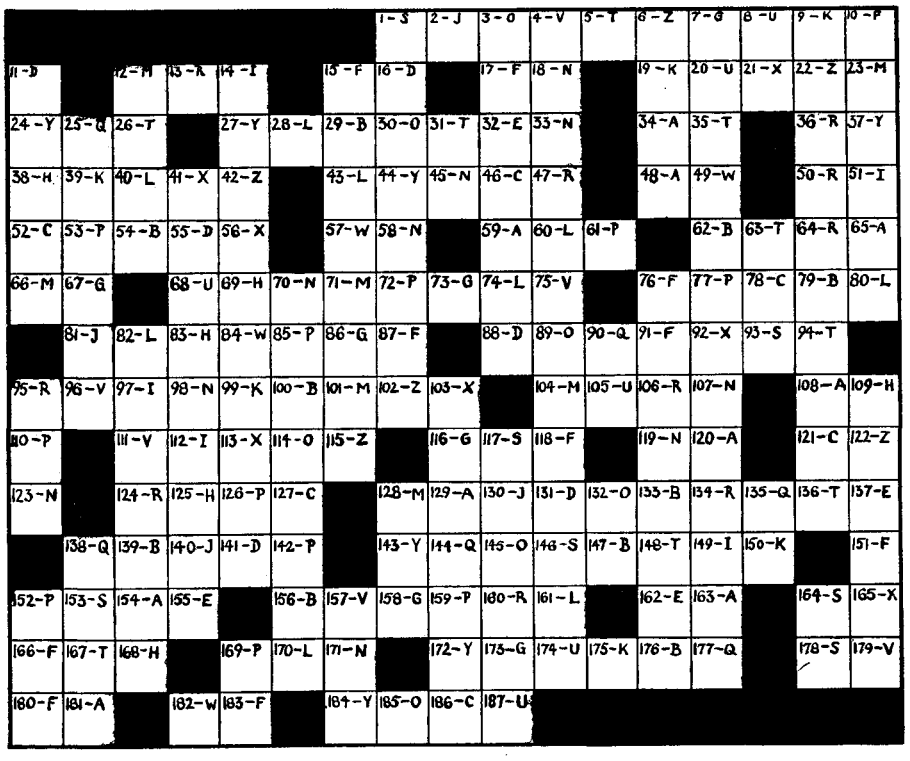
Double-Crostics: No. 394

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 13 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Freethinker, especially in religion (Fr.)

B. Satisfy under examination (2 wds.)

C. Pilfer.

D. Chinese gong (comp.)

E. Negro of the most powerful Yorubas.

F. Misleading influence or thing (Lat.; 2 wds.)

G. Offensive to the senses.

H. Chinese commercial nut.

I. German composer-violinist (1814-65).

J. Dupe (sb.)

K. Crested (of a bird).

L. Obsequious (comp.)

M. 5th letter of Greek alphabet.

N. Feeble union or tie of no stability (3 wds.)

O. Applicant for admission.

P. Fall dead or dying in combat (3 wds.)

Q. Former English Royal Forest (now a Common).

R. Mentally dull (comp.)

S. Parisian government of 1792-4.

T. Sincere, genuine.

U. Prodigal, profuse.

V. Other name for Mt. Nebo (Bib.)

W. Grasped, gripped.

X. Ruin; annulment.

Y. Trash, debris.

Z. Some "Variations" by Elgar (music).

WORDS

163 181 65 129 48 108 120 34 154 59

62 139 133 29 176 79 156 100 54 147

52 121 78 46 186 127

131 88 11 16 55 141

155 137 162 32

17 87 118 15 180 183 76 151 10 91 166

86 173 73 116 158 7 67

83 38 69 168 109 125

149 112 51 97 14

81 2 130 140

39 99 19 9 175 150

170 82 80 40 74 60 43 28 161

12 128 23 101 66 104 71

107 119 98 171 45 58 18 70 123 33

132 3 145 89 185 114 30

77 85 169 61 53 152 110 72 159 142 126

25 144 138 135 177 90

13 160 64 36 124 50 134 47 106 95

1 117 178 164 146 93 153

5 136 35 31 167 94 148 63 26

174 8 105 20 68 187

111 96 4 75 179 157

49 182 57 84

165 21 56 113 92 41 103

37 143 184 44 27 172 24

115 102 22 42 6 122

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READING I'VE LIKED

A Personal Selection Drawn from Two Decades of Reading and Reviewing Presented with an Informal Prologue and Various Commentaries

by CLIFTON FADIMAN

TREMENDOUS ADVANCE INTEREST For the last two months people have been asking booksellers when Clifton Fadiman's book would be ready. So many ordered it in advance that, although READING I'VE LIKED was published just last week, the first edition has been increased from 30,000 copies to 50,000.

HOW IS IT DIFFERENT? People who have heard that Clifton Fadiman was preparing an anthology of his favorite reading have naturally asked booksellers how this book differs from other anthologies. There are several answers:

READING I'VE LIKED is far more than just an anthology. Clifton Fadiman, book reviewer of *The New Yorker* and Master of Ceremonies of "Information, Please!" has contributed to it 60,000 words of his own original text. This includes his essay, "My Life is an Open Book," at the beginning of the volume. This is an autobiographical, witty and enormously readable section about writing and writers. And then, Mr. Fadiman has introduced his 51 selections with original essays — candidly personal commentaries that are often extended pieces of brilliant criticism.

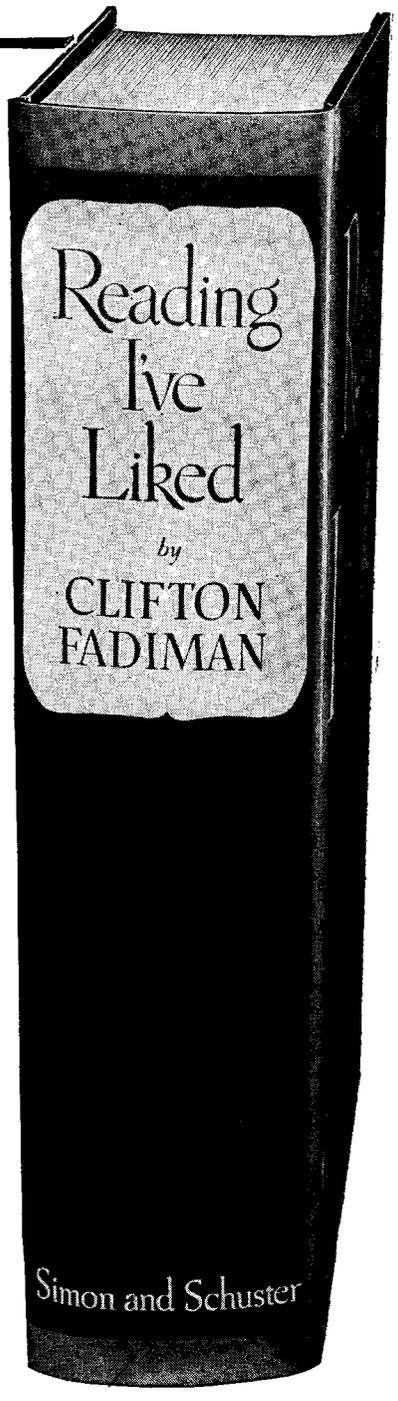
WHAT IT CONTAINS READING I'VE LIKED is thoroughly unconventional. The sole criterion of choice Clifton Fadiman has used throughout is his personal enthusiasm for each piece of writing. This makes for some strange literary bedfellows. In addition to Mr. Fadiman's text there is material by writers as famous as Thomas Mann and as neglected as Frank Moore Colby, as serious as George Santayana and as lunatic as S. J. Perelman, as cosmopolitan as Somerset Maugham and as homespun as Kin Hubbard, as old-fashioned as Sarah Orne Jewett and as contemporary as Ernest Hemingway.

There are some surprising things one would hardly expect to find in a collection of this sort. Mr. Fadiman has plucked the heart out of such works as Fowler's "Modern English Usage" and Peattie's "An Almanac for Moderns," and presented them to the reader. He has included the whole of James Thurber's "My Life and Hard Times," a classic anecdote by Alexander Woollcott, a selection Mr. Fadiman calls "the best review I have ever read" and "the only successful piece of fiction ever written about an embryo."

A LIBRARY IN MINIATURE There are nearly 1,000 pages in READING I'VE LIKED, and nearly 400,000 words of text. READING I'VE LIKED is a true library in miniature, a treasure chest of excerpts from novels, autobiographies, short stories, complete novelettes, anecdotes, essays, literary criticism, humor, horror, fantasy, and satire.

And it is a treasure chest which yields greater riches the more it is rifled.

PUBLISHING DETAILS READING I'VE LIKED was published last week. It contains, as mentioned above, nearly 1,000 pages and nearly 400,000 words. The size is six inches by nine inches, bound in vellum-finish blue cloth and stamped in gold. The price is THREE DOLLARS. It is published by SIMON AND SCHUSTER, Rockefeller Center, New York City.



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